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## TALES.

### THE DANCING FEATHER, OR THE AMATEUR FREEBOOTERS

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Author of "Lafitte," "Capt. Kyd," "Burton," "The Quadroone," &c.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Hayward's utter Destitution—The doors of the Brown Jug closed against him—A Starving Man—The Oyster Cellar Encounter with Matlocks—The Death of Sykes—The Temptation Resisted and Overcome—A Night of Misery.

As our hero went slowly homeward towards the Brown Jug, after quitting the companionship of Morris Graeme, and flying from the temptation he held out to his poverty, he began to reflect upon his future course. He had but five shillings and three pence in the world, and the little bundle in Dame Southack's bar would not bring much more, if pledged or sold. Yet he had a lodging and breakfast to pay for, and the second day he would have nothing left. He devised a hundred impracticable and romantic plans, rejecting each successively as it came up in his thoughts. He thought of shipping as a sailor; of hiring himself as a servant; of going into Jersey to seek a school. He envied the sweep that passed him with his cheerful song, because he had employment and the means of life.

In this mood he reached the Brown Jug, and going into the tap, seated himself in one of the little dark boxes, and gave himself up to gloomy forebodings, and the contemplation of his own wretchedness. He at length attracted the attention of Dame Southack.

"Come, come! you look low spirited!" she said, calling to him from behind the bar. "Take a little brandy and water; it will cheer you up."

"No, I thank you," answered Hayward, rousing himself.

"Well, then, here's a newspaper! I've seen gentlemen as didn't care to drink, take up a paper and seem to enjoy reading on it, just as if it was the nicest glass o' liquor ever tapped."

And as she spoke she tossed him "The Flash," the only paper taken at the Brown Jug.

Hayward was both amused and disgusted in looking over this classic sheet, and was about to throw it aside, when his eye rested upon an advertisement for a "carrier." The thought instantly struck him, that if he would examine the city papers, he might find advertisements for situations, one of which he might fill. Inspired to renewed

hope, with this idea, he went out and sought the Express office, where he obtained a sight of the day's newspapers. They were filled with advertisements of all kinds, but none that applied to him and his condition. There were several for servants of every sort, and one for a footman, who would not object to wearing a livery, but none for *poor young gentlemen!* He left the office in deep depression. Suddenly he stopped and turned back.

"Yes—I will take that address for the footman! I cannot starve or run in debt and rot in prison! I will do anything that holds out to me a home."

In five minutes afterwards he was on his way to answer the advertisement for a footman. He had made up his mind, and walked resolutely on until he came to B—street, and before the house, which was a large old fashioned brick mansion, placed back from the street, with a magnificent horse-chestnut in the yard, overshadowing the whole place.

He hesitated at the gate, and felt his cheek burn. But he recollected his destitution, and opened the gate and entered the yard. It was near twilight; and it being a summer's evening time, the family were seated on the portico. The group he saw consisted of an elderly gentleman, a maiden lady sewing, and a young lady reading a book to the old gentleman. Hayward approached with a faltering step. As he came near, the maiden lady eyed him closely, and the young lady hearing his step, lifted her eyes from the book. Judge Hayward's surprise at beholding Blanche Hillary! His first impulse was to fly for shame, as if she had divined his yet unspoken purpose; but a moment's reflection showed him the impropriety of such a sudden retreat. He therefore advanced nearer, bowed to her and spoke. She rose and extended her hand to him with a warm welcome.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Hayward. I was speaking of you to-day, to father, and wondering if you had left the city. This is my uncle, Dr. Emers; and this is my aunt Mary. Mr. Hayward, uncle! He was fellow passenger with us from Boston!"

Hayward bowed, and declined a seat to which Miss Hillary had invited him.

"Hayward! Oh,—a friend of yours, Blanche!" said the old gentleman, who appeared hard of hearing. "I didn't know but he was a young man come to get Peter's place."

"Fy! uncle! Mr. Hayward is a gentleman.—You must excuse my uncle, sir," said Blanche, with a pleasant smile; "he sometimes makes strange mistakes."

Hayward could not, however, but give him credence for coming very near the mark for once.

"Here is an end to my visions of a footman's place," he said to himself. "The fates are against me!"

"You are not going, Mr. Hayward! You will surely remain at tea!" entreated Blanche, seeing him descend a step, as if to go.

Not knowing how to refuse, after having ignorantly placed himself in the situation in which he was, he reluctantly consented; and so he sat at the table as a guest, where it was an hour before his ambition to wait as a footman.

After tea, during which he was charmed with the vivacity and humor of Miss Hillary, he took his leave as early as etiquette would allow, and bent his solitary way homeward. The meeting with Miss Hillary had given him pleasure, but it was greatly qualified by his disappointment. He had been buoyed up with the hope of obtaining even the humble situation of a footman, but this hope had now vanished.

A few days elapsed, during which poor Henry had availed himself of every possible means to obtain employment. But there were no situations he could fill, and those he would have gladly taken were only given to such as could furnish references. His money was expended to his last penny—his little bundle had been pledged to Dame Southack, for his last night's lodgings and last meals, which was his breakfast.

It was late at night and the little tap room was deserted of its last visitors for a "night cap," and Dame Southack had blown out all the lamps but her taper, which she held in her hand as if preparing to retire.

"Come, sir," she said, in a harsh, unfeeling tone, directing her attention towards the box with a faded and red curtain, in which some one was visible, leaning his head upon his hand; "Come, young man! you needn't think you're going to loaf on me, now you have got no money. I kept you as long as you could pay, and even took what nobody else would ha' done, your shirt and waistcoat, out o' charity, coz I've got a son Bill' way to sea, and hopes it'll be remembered to him some day. Come, now! I want to shut up! There is the clock striking twelve, as true as I'm a lone woman!"

As the charitable hostess finished speaking, she came out from behind the bar, with the lamp in her hand, and with a quick, resolved step, approached the box. The occupant slowly raised his head and showed the countenance of Henry Hay-

ward. But how changed! His high, manly forehead was pale and heavy, with a clammy sweat; his fine eyes were sunken and hard in their expression; his cheek flushed and his lips fiercely and painfully compressed.

"Woman, what would you?" he demanded, in a quick, stern tone, but as if he hardly had proper consciousness of what he said, or whom he addressed.

Dame Southack stepped back, with an exclamation: "Oh, la! you needn't look so like a madman! Poor young man! I pity you—I do from my heart—for I think if poor Bill should be without a shilling, and in a lone house, at twelve o'clock, how sorry I'd feel if I knew it," and Dame Southack put the corner of her apron to her eyes. "But then, that's neither here nor there! If I gave every body free lodgings that came to the Brown Jug without money, I'd have my hands full. No, no! I am sorry, young man, but you must get up and go."

By this time, Hayward, who had been for the last few hours seated in the little box, in the stupor of heavy grief, complete broken in heart and spirit, had recovered his full consciousness. He quietly rose up, and, with a faint smile, that he meant should be apologetic to Dame Southack, but which was painful to see the pallor and rigidity of the face, he stepped out of the box. She stood aside in silence, to let him pass, and slowly he walked towards the door, turned, tried to smile, and say "good night," and then, with a loud, phrenzied laugh, sprung forth into the street. Dame Southack's blood was chilled at the cry, and with a trembling hand she barred and locked the door, and went to her comfortable bed; for scenes of a startling and unusual kind, were not so unfamiliar to the charitable hostess of the "Brown Jug," as to leave, for any length of time, an impression upon her mind.

In that wild, miserable shriek, poor Hayward had given vent to the feelings of deep and silent despair that for hours had burdened his heart! Naturally sensitive and proud, educated like a gentleman, and possessing a mind and person fitted to adorn society, he had, within the last few days found his sensitiveness wounded and his pride insulted; while the education he had received, only rendered more poignant his degradation; and his gentlemanly appearance and manner, had proved more than once, obstacles to his success.

The night was like day, for the brightness of the midnight moon, which silvered a hundred spires, and shone upon the tiled roofs around, as if they were plated with steel. Henry stood upon the walk and heard the locking and barring of the door from which he had been ejected, and he felt a loneliness more dreadful than the prisoner's who is shut up and locked within his solitary dungeons. The Brown Jug had been his home! He had found there, while he had money, kindness; and in the little closet where he slept, he had forgotten each night the disappointments of each day. It was his home! His thoughts, associations, all had centered there since he had been in the city. He had received sympathy and attention, too, from that strange young girl, Hetty Bell, when she was at home and saw him there which, however, was not often; and even "Red Fred" had made himself agreeable to him, and been company for him in his loneliness. Humble as the inn was—vicious as

those certainly were who resorted to it,—selfish as Dame Southack herself was it still had been a home to him, his only shelter in his exile and wandering.

He stood upon the walk, and as he looked up at the little sign of the "Jug," swinging to and fro with a creaking sound, and cast his eyes into the window from which Dame Southack had just withdrawn the light, leaving all within in darkness, and then thought upon his own desolation, he felt his heart melt within him like a child's.

Slowly he moved away, bending his footsteps he knew not whither. There was no sound in the moonlit streets save the footsteps of some belated citizen, hastening along in the black shadows of the moonless side of the way, or the distant noise of a hurrying hack, crossing the city through some far off street. On a corner above him stood a watchman in his glazed helmet, and thick coat, with his short, heavy club swung on his arm, and looking as if asleep on his post, notwithstanding the cry that Hayward had just caused to ring through the echoing streets; but watchmen, like Dame Southack, are used to strange sounds, and do not let small matters move them from their propriety.

Hayward passed the silent keeper of the city's peace, as he stood leaning against a lamp post, his dark shadow thrown across the walk. He envied him that he had a means of livelihood. What would he not have given to have exchanged all his hopes of that "respectability" his foolish father had intended should be the issued of his paternal ambition for his now wretched son, for the occupation and position in society of this man! Thus reflecting, he walked on up the street, calmer in his mind than he had been for some hours, for the bitterness of his despair had passed by, and he had begun to be sternly reconciled, as it were, to whatever was before him. He felt his cup of misery and degradation could not be fuller. Every curtailed light beaming from the chamber window of some rich man's dwelling mocked the houseless and bedless wanderer of the streets.

"Woe," sighed he, "woe, for the wealth that men heap together, for *itself*! while around them they see so many who are in utter destitution, men, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh! Will not a just God require the lives of the poor at the hands of the rich, who are but God's stewards of the bounties of Providence?"

A distant light of a pale crimson color drew him on, uncertain which way to wander, until he came to a cellar, still open; the light he had seen, being in a transparent box covered with red cotton and labelled "Oysters." He stopped and looked wistfully down into the well-lighted subterranean apartment, and contemplated with the feelings of a hungry man, who eaten nothing since breakfast, the display of steak, chops, soups, sausages, pies, cakes, pickled oysters, &c., with enclosed in a glass case, were visible to him from the sidewalk as he looked down. Poor Hayward! to what a low and pitiful state wert thou reduced! Poorly clad, without money, without shelter, without food, eyeing with a beggar's longing the rich and savory viands thou must not touch!

As the full force of his miserable situation pressed upon him while he stood there, he experienced that feeling of self-contempt, which a proud mind acknowledges at its lowest point of degradation!

His teeth met and ground upon each other involuntarily at this consciousness of despising himself, while his hands clenched till the nails pierced the flesh of his palms, that he had fallen so low as to be a subject for his own scorn!

"Yes," he said, bitterly,—almost savagely—"Yes I *am* a despicable wretch! I feel as if I could fly the face of man, and bury myself forever from the eyes of my species! Yet what have I been guilty of, that I should regard myself as the cold world would regard me? Nothing; I do not experience that feeling which is common to humanity! It is natural for men to look with contempt upon the wretched of their kind, and but share the same emotion in contemplating *my own* wretchedness! But there is a sensation like *guilt*, which I am conscious of feeling! Yet I am not *guilty*.—I have done nothing yet to bring a blush upon my cheek. It poverty then, *crime*? I do believe it is! It is attended with punishment and suffering, as crime is! it brings down the censures and scorn of the world as crime does! it shuts man from generous sympathy, as crime does! it exiles him, from society and his species into the dens and holes of the earth, as crime does! it makes him avoid the crowd, and steal along through by-places, as crime does! it causes him to hang his head to loose his self-confidence, to "flee when no man pursueth," as crime does! Yes, poverty is crime, and because I feel I am criminal, it is that my disapproving mind condemns me at its own tribunal, and that my soul is filled with bitterest self-contempt! I loathe my very existence. Life is become a burden—the gift of God has become a curse upon me! I can fall no lower, save in *vice*! Yet that *must* follow! Does the ragged, pitiful wretch—the ridiculed *loafer*, retain his integrity and his honor? Can he do it? Can I do it, in this low state of degradation! Does not want, and starvation, and woe, lead to treachery, to falsehood, to theft, to every vicious thing! Yes, poverty is crime, because it leads to it. The effect is so identified with the cause, that they are indivisible in the world's eye! This is the truth of it. "Ha, what poor wretch is here?" he exclaimed, discovering at that moment a person seated on the curb stone, with his back against an empty box. He was in the shadow of the houses, and Hayward could see him but indistinctly from where he stood, a couple of rods from him. "So, I have company abroad to-night!"

He approached the place where the man sat, and found him so busily engaged in picking out shells from a pile that had been poured out from the adjoining cellar, as not to notice his approach. Hayward came close to him, and saw that he was that he was picking off, with his attenuated and eager fingers, the gristly ligaments that secure the oyster to its shell, and voraciously eating them. A second and closer view of the wretch, told him that it was his dramatic acquaintance, George Frederick Cooke Sykes, Esq. He stood still beside him, and watched him for a few moments. The poor "universal genius" was sadly changed in his outer man, *pauvre* as his person. His second-handed beaver hat was gone, and a torn straw not worth two-pence, with the brim hanging like a torn feather over one shoulder, supplied its place. The coat, kept so carefully buttoned up to the chin, was absent, and a miserable old linen jacket had taken its place. His shoes were gone, and he was



barefooted; while he exhibited no sign of shirt or vest. Poor Sykes! starvation had driven him to the "spout," till he had nothing left that could be pledged for a ha'penny. He was now on his last legs. The probability was that his feet would never know the luxury of shoes, or his head the comforts of a hat again; or that he would ever find a shelter for his head, till Death kindly laid it upon the sweet pillow of that couch from which there is no awaking to a world of suffering and woe.

The poor "loafer,"—we mean the word in its kindest and tenderest sense—was so busy in satisfying the cravings of hunger, that he took notice of Hayward, although he once glanced up to him from the pile which he was picking over. He examined with a low muttering noise every shell, with the avidity of a miser seeking for grains of gold; and thrusting close to his lips each shell that had upon it the least particle of nutriment, he tore it ravenously off with his teeth, like a man dying of starvation.—Hayward could compare him to nothing but a famished wolf, growling over and gnawing at the bones of a carcase left by another. He forgot his own misery in the contemplation of his who sat on the earth before him. He forgot his own hunger in sympathy for his which was fearfully so much greater! Yet he trembled to think how soon he might be in the same situation. Two days more would drive him to the offals of the street, like poor Sykes! The thought was horrible. He spoke to Sykes, but he faintly growled out, raised up his shoulders and shook head, and covered the pile of shells with his spread arms and body as if to protect them.

"Go away—go away! They are mine—mine!" and he fastened his teeth upon another ligament, and tore it from the shell."

"It is I, Mr. Sykes," said Hayward kindly.

"You shan't—you shan't. They are all mine!" he cried peevishly, and covered them with his hungry body.

"I don't want to take them from you, my poor Sykes; I am your friend. Have you eaten nothing to-day? Speak to me, I will not harm you."

The kind voice of Henry seemed to have an impression upon him. He slowly removed his arms from over the pile of shells, and looked up into his face. Hayward was astonished at the change a few brief days had made! His eye was large, white and glassy, and glared on him with a fierce, unearthly stare. His cheeks were sunken; and his lips, shrunk from his teeth, left them exposed with frightful shinning whiteness.

"Good God, sir, are you starving in truth?"—he cried, with mingled pity and horror.

"Yes, I'm starving," answered Sykes, in the pitiful tone, poking again among the shells.

"Have you had nothing to eat to-day?"

"Not since Sunday."

"And this is Wednesday! What can I do for you? Have you got much nourishment from these miserable shells?"

"No, not much," he replied, in the same low tone, like one who answered without being aware of speaking, or like one who talks in his sleep.

"Why have you not begged?"

"Begged!" he repeated, looking up with flashing eyes, and speaking in an indignant but hollow tone, "beg! I beg! Sir, I will starve first!"

"You are likely to starve, then, poor fellow," said Hayward, who, proud himself, could not but sympathize in his feelings. "But you must not starve in the sight of food. Come with me, and you shall have something to eat."

"Shall I?" cried the poor famished wretch, making an effort to rise, but falling again through weakness. "Have you any money?"

"No, but I will see that you have something to eat. Lean upon my arm. It will assist you to your feet!"

"Stop, stop! there's a good piece on this shell, let me eat it first! Oh, I am so hungry!"

"Then come with me into this cellar," said Henry, resolutely, resolved at all hazards to get something to appease his hunger.

He succeeded in getting him to his feet, but even then could, with great difficulty, draw him away from the pile of shells, which he seemed to cling to in his heart as if he were quitting the only hope of this life.

"Come, my poor friend, we will get something better here," said he conducting him to the oyster cellar, and taking him down the steps leading to it. As the light flashed on his face, Hayward was appalled by its ghastliness. He hurried him in, and made him sit down on the first seat that offered. It was directly opposite the "stand" where the oysters were opened for customers, Sykes eyes immediately dilated, and seemed to devour a heap of unopened oyster that lay upon it.

"Sit still, and I will get you something both to eat and drink," spoke Henry kindly.

He then went towards a bar placed against the wall in the centre of the long sanded apartment, where sat a man upon a high stool, in a white apron reading a newspaper, and two negroes, that looked like waiters, seated by a side table eating supper; and as he passed along by the row of curtained boxes, he also saw that two of them were occupied, but the inmates were hid by the closely meeting curtains.

"Sir," he said, to the man who was reading, "here is a poor man whom I found starving at the door. He needs food!"

The man looked up from the paper, and eyeing Hayward steadily, glanced in the direction of poor Sykes, and then said, in a cold tone, and with an immovable face,

"Well, he can have any thing he pays for."

"But he has no money," said Henry, earnestly.

"Then he must starve, for all me;" and the man resumed his reading, while the two negroes at the side table set up a course nigger laugh, with their mouths stuffed with potatoes and mutton. Hayward's indignation rose at the want of feeling in the man; and he felt like knocking the negroes over, and taking their supper to Sykes, and defend him till he had eaten it. But this was too quixotic an idea to be carried out successfully, and so he resolved to appeal to the man's humanity.

"The man will die in your apartment without something to eat."

"What in the devil did you bring him in here then, for! Have you any money yourself?"

"I must confess I have not," answered Hayward, mortified, and feeling more bitterly the want of money for the sake of Sykes than he had yet done for his own privations. His was one of them rare spirits which have so little that is selfish in them, as to forget their own griefs and wants when

those of others appeal to their hearts. He had also so little knowledge of the world, of the selfishness of human nature, of the indifference which custom will create towards human sufferings in men's breasts, that he wondered other persons did not feel as he did, and other hearts bleed as his did for the wretched and necessitous. His answer that he had no money was received by the man with a scornful laugh, which was echoed by his two blacks.

"But what will become of him?" asked Hayward, angrily.

"That is none of my business," answered the man, doggedly.

"If he dies, his blood will be upon your head," said the indignant Henry,

"I'll look to that," replied the man, removing from the stool and walking deliberately towards the spot where Sykes sat, panting with mingled hope and fear, as he listened to the progress of Hayward's exertions in his behalf. "Hallo, here! What are you doing here, you d——d loafer!—you needn't think you are going to die in my house, and give it a bad name! I'd as lief see the devil as a Coroner in my cellar. Come get up and take yourself off!" With this he took Sykes by the shoulder, and violently shaking him, lifted him, being a large, strong man,—bodily upon his feet.

"Why, Mattocks, don't put me out to die, Mattocks! Don't you know me, Mattocks?" said Sykes, in a pitiful tone. "I'm Sykes?"

"The devil you are," repeated the man, laughing loud, "I thought you had starved to death long ago! Why, what the devil keeps your soul in?"

"I have been eating oyster meat from the shells about the doors, answered Sykes, in a childish tone, or like some poor idiot.

"Is that the way the darkies open oysters?" he cried, turning to the two negroes; "d——n you, if you leave enough in your shells again to bait a flea, I'll keep you on short commons a month. You mean to make me support all the infernal loafers in the city. No man shall live off o' mine, Master Sykes, without my having the benefit of it."

"I have paid you a good deal of money, Mattocks, interposed Sykes, sinking again upon the bench.

"And because a man pays his rent this year, the landlord must let him live rent free the next! You have always had your money's worth, and no thanks and no favors asked. Besides, you've owed me three and sixpence these four months."

"I couldn't pay, Mattocks."

"Then don't come into my place. Come, move! I am going to shut up. Its one o'clock. And you may go too, and get him fed where you can get credit; for I'll be d——d if either of you get any thing here to-night, without money. Come, don't die here!" and he gave Sykes another shake, and made him groan with suffering. Hayward had remained silent during all this his blood boiling and his heart aching. He felt himself impotent, so far as his services might avail poor Sykes, but he did not want resolution, in this defence, nevertheless. Without saying a word, he laid his hand upon that of the man, and quietly but firmly removed the hold it had upon the poor fellow's shoulder. The man started, and fixed his fierce gaze upon Hayward's face, while his fist contracted with the blow he meditated. But Hayward's glance encountered his, so full and resolute, and

his bearing, as he faced him, was so calm and determined, that he, after hesitating a moment, turned aside his look, and relaxed the muscles of his sinewy arm—the physical and animal power was subdued by the moral and intellectual!

"Give this wretched man something to eat," said Henry, quietly, and in a tone barely above a whisper; but he heard it to whom it was addressed.

The man looked dogged and sulky, and seemed to be undecided how to act.

"He must not perish," added Hayward, in the same quiet and firm tone, while his clear, resolute eye sought and averted glance of the other. At length he answered, and said sulkily,

"I have got nothing but a pie and them crackers in the tray, there."

"Shall I give him the pie and crackers?" asked Hayward, approaching the oyster bar, upon which, with croits of vinegar and pepper and salt cellars, they were standing.

"Yes."

"I thank you," said Hayward, hastening to get possession of them and place them before the famished young man. Sykes snatched a biscuit from the tray, and thrust it whole into his mouth, crushing it with his teeth, and murmuring with idiotic joy. But he could not swallow it! His throat was parched and inflamed.

"He must have a glass of ale," said Hayward, to the man who stood by in silence.

"One of you darkies bring a mug of ale here—quick!" said the man, giving the order and then turning on his heel and walking away.

The ale revived Sykes, and he was able to eat the crackers soaked in it. Hayward sat beside him with the kind assiduity of a brother, until he had eaten and drank as much as he thought would be safe, the keeper of the cellar walking all the while impatiently back and forth, looking at each turn he took as if about fiercely to order them out, but each time catching Hayward's glance, and withholding his purpose. Hayward had not been insensible to the power he had temporarily obtained over the man, and having given Sykes all the benefit from it he could desire, he wisely resolved to leave before the force of his influence—that of mind over matter, of good over evil—should be dissolved. He could not expect to get a night's lodging for Sykes, and felt it would not be prudent to ask it. So he rose with Sykes, who appeared very much improved though still weak, and thanking the man for his kindness, he bade him a civil "good night." He was leaving the cellar without even satisfying his own hunger and thirst, for he was too proud, and also too indignant at the other's inhumanity, to confess, by taking a single mouthful of biscuit, his own pinching hunger, when he received a blow in the temples that nearly felled him. As he suspected might be the case, the man had recovered from the spell of submission to another's will—the mesmerism wand by which Hayward had held him, through the power of the eye, had snapped—and no sooner did Henry move away, than he approached him, and struck him a blow with his fist on the side of the head. Staggered by the force of the blow, it was an instant before Hayward recovered himself, when he returned it with such good will and judgment, between the eyes of his assailant, that he fell against the side of the boxes, blinded with blood.

"Excellent, never saw a neater hit! You handle your fist better than a harpoon, my hearty one," cried Red Fred, coming out of one of the boxes.—"Mattock, boy, your peepers are put handsomely in mourning, set off with red lining!"

Mattocks made no reply; but as soon as he could manage to see, he made his way to a tin wash hand-basin, at the further end of the apartment.

"Now, my good friend of the harpoon," said Red Fred, coming up to Hayward, "I would advise you to make the best of your way out of Dan Mattocks' premises! He will put a knife into you, and no boy's play."

"He is a wretch, and I shall not move out of the scoundrel's way," answered Hayward, wiping a trickling stream of blood from a slight wound in his temples.

"Do come, good valiant," said Sykes, drawing him towards the steps, scarce able to support himself.

"Yes, go with the poor devil, thy friend there, or perhaps thy shadow," said Red Fred, laughing, "Have you left the Brown Jug?"

"Yes," said Hayward, slowly retiring.

"Out of pocket, and so out of doors!"

"Yes," said Hayward, adopting the slight tone of the other.

"I thought so. What poor devil have you got under convoy there? But I see Mattocks is coming. Do you want to fight him fair?"

"No. I wish to have nothing to do with the inhuman wretch, I am no brawler."

"I like you, and will be your friend. I know you don't fear him." As he spoke, he advanced and met the man who was approaching the foot of the steps, where Hayward stood awaiting him, too proud to leave, and with Sykes half up the steps pulling at his coat-tail.

Red Fred stopped the savage Mattocks, and said a few words to him.

"Is he, indeed?" demanded Mattocks, with a look, of surprise, glancing towards Hayward.

"Yes, took the oath, is one of us!" replied Fred in a low tone, which Hayward indistinctly heard.

"Well, then, as we have had a fair turn about, I'll let it pass."

"You will, of course," said Fred, quitting him and approaching Hayward. "Now I have got you out of this scrape, you will believe I am your friend."

"I believe it," said Hayward, yielding at last to Sykes' entreaties, and am obliged to you for your kind and very friendly interference. Good night."

"Good night!" repeated Red Fred, as he walked back to his box; "why, the fellow is as cavalier as you please, and says me 'good night,' with an air of a man made out of better earth! Yet he is a brave fellow, and I like a brave man! I have taken a fancy to him ever since the harpoon affair! Damn my blood, if I was't afraid of him, while he was as cool as if he was waiting to take a partner for a waltz."

With these words, he re-entered his box, where he had left a comrade, who was too much absorbed in the discussion of certain excellents, seasoned with brandy and water, to leave his seat at so trifling an affair as a midnight rencontre in an oyster cellar.

Arriving outside, Hayward asked Sykes where he was going to lodge?

"Lodge," repeated the poor fellow, whose weak brain the ale had by this time excited.

"Lodge! in Heaven's free Halls, with the earth My bed, and the blue Heaven my curtain; the pale moon My lamp to light me to my couch, and the stars With their harps of gold, to charm with song, My slumbers! Wouldst thou bethink thee, lodge A prince or monarch in a better state?"

"Nay, my good sir, but have you no home?"

Sykes was silent for a moment, and then answered in a melancholly and touching manner, notwithstanding the bombast of his style:—

"I am a poacher on the world's broad manor! There was a home I once called mine—a mother, Whose love did make me her heart's fond idol. As I grew to boyhood, I did fill with sacred pride her Breast maternal, by shouting tragedy! And she, with all a mother's pride, did see in me a second Kean, Kean or Cook. I looked thenceforward to the stage;

And on the day my wiser sire to some good trade Would have bound me, I made my debut in a country barn, To a wondering audience, of county people, as Othello! My genius triumphed! Like youthful Norval, Then I left my home and sought renown upon the Bowery's Boards—deeming myself a rival of the Forest!

"You must have had ambition at the least," said Hayward gravely.

"Hear! Hamblin—from rivalry—did not appreciate The lofty genius that had filled a barn With thunder claps of glorious applause, And so, from Hamlet, sir, he basely made me Supernumery! Ye Gods! I would have challenged Him—but had no pistols—and so I bore the wrong, And played the part; and after that my genius, sir, Was made promiscuous for part or service That might, perchance, a blockhead call for! And so Disgusted with treatment so unworthy, I did quit That stage—because the manager did fear my rivalry. Thus was I degraded! The day will come I'll write His Epitaph—no other vengeance pray I for than this!"

"And how do I find you now so destitute?" asked Hayward.

"Listen! The Park did have Macready at the time, Who, hearing of my genius, doubtless, and how Tom Hamblin had dismissed me from his boards, For very jealousy, and fearing that Simpson should Engage me, for Richard or Othello, I should eclipse him, being a native genius! And thus He did conspire with Simpson, and so I was ejected With a kick posterior from the green room, sir! Since then I've had a feud with players, and scorn To be their 'sociate. I'd rather starve than take, On Simpson's boards, or Hamblin's, or the Chatham, Engagement for a night! I am a genius, sir, The world shall see that genius can have revenge on't."

This rambling dramatic relation of Sykes was delivered in a semi-dramatic attitude, one hand holding by a lamp post, and the other stretched forth to gesticulate with; now his voice was indignation, now pathetic, now lofty and proud!—There was, throughout, a pervading enthusiasm and earnestness of feeling which, while his words amused Hayward, inspired him with sympathy.—When Sykes had ended, the influence of the ale, which had awakened his sensibility to his wrongs, subsided with the communication of his griefs, and he sank upon the box, against which Hayward had first found him leaning, quite exhausted.

Unwilling to leave him there, yet anxious to seek some shelter for himself, he was deliberating what to do, when a watchman appeared slowly walking up the street. The idea occurred to him to give him in charge to him; and on his approaching the spot he mentioned briefly his condition, and advised him to take him to the watch-house and have him taken care of.

"To the watch-house!" repeated Sykes, rising up and looking pleasant, while his face was flushed, and his eyes strangely dilated, "never! I am a gentleman!"

"Never to the watchman's care will I commit myself!"

Avast, thou sleepy guardian of the night, thou, Thou walking paying mallet, to tread the flag-stones down Out o' my sight! I know thee, thou Somnambulist—Thou paid and well clothed sleep-walker! Begone!"

"He is drunk," said Charley, with a growl.



"Drunk! I? thou liest! I have not drank but once for three long days save water! Thou—th—th—t—t—t—"

Hold him up, watchman," suddenly cried Hayward, seeing him falling, "he is in a fit! This long fasting, poor fellow, has been too much for him, and the food he has taken, light as it was, has driven the blood to his poor weak brain! Hold him watchman!"

"It requires little strength, he is but a baby!—Poor fellow, how his bones stick out! He is dying, sir!"

"I trust not," cried Hayward, "yet I fear it.—I will hold him while you go down that cellar for means of resuscitation.

But human aid was of no longer avail! Before the watchman returned with brandy in a tumbler, and one of the negroes, the convulsions ceased, and the spirit of poor Sykes had left its frail tenement, for that world where hunger, and thirst, and famine, and woe, are no more known; but where, alas the fruits of an evil education in this life will be experienced, in some state, throughout eternity.

Hayward stood for a few moments, looking sadly upon the corpse of poor Sykes, upon the haggard and famished face of which, the moonlight brightly shone. The head was leaned against a barrel, one arm hung over the edge of the box, and the body was stretched upon the pavement.

"Poor Sykes!" sighed the student as he gazed upon him; there is an end to all thy misery!"

"Yes, sir, he was a poor miserable devil, to be sure," said the stout watchman, looking down upon him, leaning over his staff. "I've seen many a sad sight, Master, in my rounds, but I never seed a man die 'o starvation afore. Its an awful sight! He was a poor player, I'm thinkin'."

"What is to be done with the body?" asked Hayward, after dropping a tear to the memory of his poor friend, and turning to the watchman.

"I s'pose he must be got to the dead house, and kept there! But a Coroner's jury must be set on the body fore it is stirred from the spot—that's the law!"

"Well, then, I will leave the arrangement of this matter to your care, watchman. I suppose the city provides for such contingencies."

"Oh, yes. If a poor devil has nobody to bury him, the corporation does it at his own 'spence.—Never you fear, but he'll have a better night's lodg'ing for his head to-morrow night than he seems to have had for many a night. Poor man! He had good larnin' too; for I've had him afore he got so bad off as he was to-night, stop and talk with me on my post, as intelligible as a schoolmaster; and sometimes I've seen him stanin' on this here very box, and act out pieces o' some play he said a friend o' his'n, named Will Snakesplayer, writ, as good as I've seen Mr. Forest do it at the Bowery. Poor man! he's done up now. He's walked his last round and stood his last beat for this world!"

"Good-night, watchman; I can be of no use to my poor friend, and will leave you," said Hayward, moving away, anxious to leave a scene, which some painful foreboding in his heart seemed to tell him fore-shadow his own fate. He cast a look at the body of poor Sykes, and hurried along the street with a rapid step. The moon shone like noon from its unclouded brilliancy. Objects were visible the whole length of the street, only the side lanes and alleys were dark and impenetrable to his

eye. He wandered on some time, he hardly knew whither. At length his step was arrested by the stroke, near by, of two o'clock, the sound breaking loud and starting upon the silent city. He stopped and looked up to the tower, upon the golden hands and letters, of which the rays of the moon fell brightly, reflected.

"Where shall I be when next those hands point to the early morning hour of two?" he said, after a few moment's meditation. I have no prospect before me but misery and starvation! I felt a weight laying upon my heart—an ominous sensation of coming evil! I feel, and cannot shake off the horrid sensation, that the end of this poor player will be mine. And am I so reduced! am I in fear of starvation! Can I realize it? Can it be myself, so lately the happy admired, popular Henry Hayward, at Harvard! *myself*, wandering at midnight in the streets of New York, without food since morning and destitute of means to provide it? Yes, these shabby clothes—my worn shoes—my gnawing appetite—the burning fever of hunger that I feel, all, all bear witness to it! God of mercy! what will become of me! I have no hope of any employment. I have offered to ship before the mast, but "they wanted seamen, not shabby gentleman." I have offered to become carrier to a newspaper but they wanted somebody that knew the city." I offered to wait at a hotel, but the proprietor casting his eyes upon my dress said "he wanted genteely dressed waiters." I have even offered to black shoes, but the man said he employed only negroes." I have offered to tend bar, and was asked "for my references." What—what is before me? Oh, God!" he cried, clasping and wringing his hands together, "cast me not off from the inheritance thou hast given in common to man—vouchsafe to guide and protect me in this time of my great affliction!"

As he ended this petition, he discovered in the shadow of the church tower, an individual regarding him. Feeling a sense of shame at being seen in an attitude of prayer, he walked a little ways on and turned into another street or alley—for it was narrow and the shadows of both sides meeting, filled it with a gloom, singularly contrasting the bright streets. The darkness and solitude of the alley harmonized with his feelings, and he walking on, brooding in the silence and obscurity of the spot, over his dark fortunes. He felt keenly the calls of hunger, and his mind was filled with ideas of food and his own destitute condition.—He felt weak from sorrow and long abstinence, and at length stopped and leaned against the wall.

He had scarcely turned the corner into the lane, when the individual he had seen watching him in the shadow of the tower, and who himself had the moment before, emerged from the alley, turned down after him. He wore a slouching cap, and his face was covered by the cape of a short half-cloak. He came with a light step to the spot where Hayward stood with his arms folded, his chin fallen upon his breast and his whole attitude weary and desponding, too wrapped in his own gloomy thoughts to hear any thing around him. As the stranger came close to him, Hayward voice speaking to himself, arrested his steps.

"Yes," said the young man bitterly; "yes, there remains for me only crime or starvation, I can see no relief! Houseless, penniless, without food or money, without a friend or a home. I see

for the morrow, only additional misery, without one ray of hope!—Ha! what thought is that which flashes upon my brain! Morris Græme and his wicked temptation! Why has this fiendish idea occurred to me! I *will not* harbor it a moment! I am yet innocent, though destitute. I will continue to preserve my integrity though I should be compelled to preserve life with offals of the street. Sykes perished from a pride that would not let him beg. I will perish from a principle of integrity that will not let me commit a crime! No, no! whatever be my fate, I will not avert or lessen its horror by the sacrifice of my integrity."

He remained with his head drooped and his arms folded, without looking up. The individual who had approached so near him and had heard every word he uttered, now silently retreated unobserved, and walking slowly up the alley, displayed, as he emerged into the moonlight, the dark and intellectual, but dissipated countenance of the tempter, Morris Græme. He had been foiled by the integrity of the poor student, and fled.

"Not now; another time," he said as he passed on; "he has not yet been sufficiently starved! How is it that he has wandered towards the spot then, if it were not in his heart to throw himself among us? Well, another time! He is as sure as if I had him already, one of us! And so Morris Græme walked rapidly on to some midnight rendezvous.

Hayward was roused from his painful reveries by the stroke of three, and looking round, was about to walk on when his eyes were arrested by the appearance of the house near which he had been so long standing. It was familiar to him, and a second glance at the pent-house roof above the sunken door, told him it was the place to which he had been conducted and admitted by Morris Græme. A sensation of, he knew not what, unpleasant feeling passed over his heart at this discovery. He felt the temptation growing stronger at his heart. He would have flown from the spot but his limbs refused to obey his will. He stood gazing upon the door—upon the beam above it—one stroke upon which would open to him all the luxuries the soul of man could desire! He trembled like a leaf! His heart ached for the load upon it. His wretchedness came before him in all its horrors. Famine and starvation were vividly presented to his imagination! His thoughts were filled with the crowding memories of the comforts he had seen within—pleasures and temporal advantages which were at his command! He sunk upon his knees, shaking fearfully. His soul was torn with the struggle!—the strong and terrible conflict between vice and virtue—between virtuous penury and guilty affluence—between starvation and abundance!—the houseless wanderer debating whether to surrender the bright jewel of his integrity for the shelter of the sumptuous halls of crime the tempter had held out to him!

"It is but a single stroke upon the hollow beam?" he grasped: and his hollow eyes glistened, as it were, upon the door that one word would fling open. "I do remember how comfortable were Græme's rooms," said poor Henry, in an eager tone surveying the door before which, from weakness and excitement, he had sunk upon his knees, "I remember the fruit on his side-board and the rich wine that is so warming to the heart? I—oh me—I wish I had but a glass of wine—one single

piece of bread! It is but one knock! But I will not knock! I feel I am growing weaker every moment. I don't know if I could drag myself away from here. It is only a single stroke upon the beam, Morris said! Yet I will die first! Perhaps Morris is not one of the pirates as I think he is.—He says he was not among them! Perhaps he is not so bad as I have thought! He may give me something to eat! He would not let me starve, here! I will knock."

The poor young man whom long abstinence, sorrow, temptation and continued mental excitement had rendered exceedingly weak, with difficulty got to his feet. He saw near him, a fragment of a cooper's stave and taking it in his hand, approached the door. There was in his face an expression of uncertainty, painful and touching in the extreme. He lifted the billet of wood with a trembling hand, and held it suspended near the beam. Another moment, goaded by hunger and despair, he would have struck, when it dropped from his finger to the pavement.

No, no! It was at the price of my honor only that he promised me relief," he said indignantly.—"It is well my memory hath brought them to my mind! He pledged me his aid only on the condition I would become like him. What he is I know not—what he would have me become I know not, save that it is to enter into a compact of guilt. No, no! I have no business at this threshold, unless I am willing, when I cross it to take leave forever of my integrity and honor. No, no, Morris Græme, I have escaped thy snare! I will leave this hateful spot! If I must die, I will die with proud and sweet conscious to the last, that I have brought the evil upon me by no act of my own."

He turned his footsteps hurriedly from the fatal door, as if afraid to suffer himself to remain in the vicinity of so great temptation, and walked up the alley. He had gone but a few steps, when he heard the door itself opened and looking round he saw a female step forth, the next instant followed by a man. They walked rapidly away in the opposite direction; but Henry had time to see that the man was Red Fred, and he felt that he could not be mistaken in the female figure which he was quite sure could be none other than that of Hetty Bell.

"And this is the companionship Morris's temptation would have led me into," he said; "these are his companions! Can it be that young girl is depraved and vicious: Yet I could not be mistaken in her air and figure. What a den of infamy—what a rendezvous of crime does yonder low and sunken door lead to! I am poor and hungry, and ready to die, but I will not, so long as God mercifully gives me my reason, sacrifice my honor to retain my existence. I am a gentleman at heart, if I am more destitute than the vilest street beggar. Ah, here is an apple! He eagerly grasped at the prize which his eye had detected in the gutter, and though it was decayed and scarcely sufficed for a mouthful, he eagerly devoured it! The excitement to his appetite which this created, now made him incapable of thinking of any thing but of something to eat, and actually quitting the sidewalk, he went along in the sewers, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, examining and eagerly searching, if perchance he might find something else that would furnish him with a mouthful.

Thus had poor Henry Hayward become reduced

—even to seek his food among the refuse of the street offals! Alas, for the gentility his mistaken father had in view for him in sending him to college and then leaving him there to struggle though, if he could, with a load of debt on his shoulders. Would to God every such father could read the history of poor Henry Hayward; for it is no tale of fiction, but a story that has too much truth! and the sufferings and privations of Henry Hayward, will find an echo in many a heart!

[To be Continued.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

### NICHOLAS WISEMAN, D.D. LL.D. CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

THE topic of the month in Europe has been the public the formal resumption of jurisdiction by the Pope in England, and the appointment of the ablest and most illustrious person in the Catholic Church to be Archbishop of Westminster. Dr. Wiseman is known and respected by all Christian Scholars for his abilities, and their devotion to the vindication of our common faith. His admirable work on *The Connection between Science and Revealed Religion* is a text-book in Protestant as well as in Roman Catholic seminaries. Cardinal Wiseman is now in his forty-ninth year, having been born at Seville, on the second of August, 1802. He is descended from an Irish family, long settled in Spain. At an early age he was carried to England, and sent for his education to St. Cuthbert's Catholic College, near Durham. Thence he was removed to the English College, at Rome, where he distinguished himself by an extraordinary attachment to learning. At eighteen he published in Latin a work on the Oriental languages; and he bore off the gold medal at every competition of the colleges of Rome. His merit recommend him to his superiors; he obtained several honors, was ordained a priest, and made a Doctor of Divinity. He was several years a Professor in the Roman University, and then Rector of the English College, where he had achieved his earliest success. He went to England in 1835, and immediately became a conspicuous teacher and writer on the side of the Catholics. In 1836 he vindicated in a course of lectures the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and gave so much satisfaction to his party that they presented him with a gold medal, to express their esteem and gratitude. He returned to Rome, and seems to have been instrumental in inducing Pope Gregory XVI. to increase the vicars apostolic in England. The number was doubled, and Dr. Wiseman went back as coadjutor to Bishop Walsh, of the Midland district. He was appointed President of St. Mary's College, Oscott, and contributed, by his teaching, his preaching, and his writings, very much to promote the spread of Catholicism in England. He was a contributor to the *Dublin Review*, and the author of some controversial pamphlets. In 1847 he again repaired to Rome on the affairs of the Catholics, and no doubt prepared the way for the present change. His second visit to Rome led to further preferment. He was made Pro-Vicar Apostolic of the London district; subsequently appointed coadjutor to Dr. Walsh, and in 1849, on the death of Dr. Walsh, Vicar Apostolic of the London district. Last August he went again to Rome, "not expecting," as he says,

"to return; but "delighted to be commissioned to come back" clothed in his new dignity. In a Consistory held September 30, Nicholas Wiseman was elected to the dignity of Cardinal, by the title of Saint Prudentiani, and appointed Archbishop of Westminster. Under the Pope, he is the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, and a Prince of the Church of Rome.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE DUTY OF PARENTS.

Nor long since we saw a melancholy object. It was a man, sometime past the meridian of life, who had spent all his days in the pursuit of wealth, and had now much of it in his possession, and who, though his hair was gray and his eye had lost its brightness, was still grasping for more. And for what purpose? That he might leave it to his children; that they might be raised above the necessity for that exertion which he had been obliged to put forth during all his life. He was a kind father say you? Yes, but his kindness was of that sort which kills! For while he was thus busy in the service of Mammon, he had no time to attend to the government and education of his children, and they, left to themselves and their expectations of future riches, not only neglected all means of making themselves useful men and women, but acquired habits which utterly unfitted them for all usefulness.

And thus, while the old man was devoting his last days, which should have been given to his Maker, to toil and anxiety in the accumulation of wealth, his children were educating themselves only to waste that wealth, and to curse themselves with it. And this, we thought was a melancholy spectacle. And it is a melancholy reflection that the old man is not alone in his folly, that his course is but a type of that of thousands.

When will men learn that the only true wealth, the only substantial and unflattering fortune, which parents can bequeath to their children, is a thorough education of their moral intellectual and physical faculties? that having these they need no fortune, but are prepared to honorably acquire one, which, while its acquisition gives them opportunity for the healthful exercise of all their faculties, shall be duly appreciated and wisely used? The duty of parents is to fit their children for future labors, and not do their labor for them. The Almighty has bestowed upon them strong limbs and guiding intellects, that they may employ them in the world, and shall parents dare to controvert his will, by stripping their children of all power of using their God-given faculties, and sending them into the world cursed and enervated with bad habits and a fortune!—They who do so assume a fearful responsibility.—*Portland Transcript.*

### JUDICIAL DIGNITY.

THE following conversation is said to have passed between a venerable old lady and a certain presiding Judge in——. This learned functionary was supported on the right and left by his worthy associates, when Mrs. P. was called to give evidence. "Take off your bonnet, madam."

"I had rather not, sir."

"Zounds and brimstone, madam! take off your bonnet, I say!"



"In public assemblies, sir, women generally cover their heads. Such, I am sure, is the custom elsewhere, and therefore, I will not take off my bonnet."

"Go you hear that, gentlemen? She pretends to know more about these matters than the Judge himself. Had you not better, madam, come and take a seat on the bench?"

"No, sir, I thank you, for I really think there are old women enough there already."

#### SATAN IN THE GROCERY BUSINESS.

THE Philadelphia Enquirer relates, in its police reports the following singular case of Monomania:

A hypochondriacal old fellow, named Aaron Simons, who was lately engaged in the grocery business, somewhere in Filbert Street, has lately conceived the strange idea that he is Old Scratch. About two weeks ago, he gave orders to a sign painter to prepare him a board with the inscription—"SATAN GROCER AND TEA DEALER," in large gilt letters. The sign was painted, according to direction, but the friends of the monomaniac interfered and prevented it from being put up. His customers not liking the idea of dealing with the devil, dropped off; except one roguish old negro, called Dave Cantle, who by humoring the lunatic, contrived to swindle him out of goods to a considerable amount. A cousin of Mr. Simms, who thought it expedient to keep watch over the conduct of the in the insane relative, was in the back part of the store on Thursday evening, while Simms *alias* Satan, stood behind the counter. At this time, the negro, Dave Cantle, happened to come in, and, the cousin not being perceived by him he commenced a conversation with Simms to the following purport:—

"I say, old boss devil, I want a few more things on that account, you know."

"It's all squared up, Dave," answered Simms, "here it is posted my ledger,—Dave Cantle debtor, to six pounds of sugar, 48 cents four pounds coffee, 64 cents: two gallons molasses, 60 cents," and so on about forty different items, sum total just twenty-five dollars. And here on this side is credited Dave Cantle, by one *soul*, twenty-five dollars, to be taken out in trade.

That account is closed old fellow; you can't get any more goods here, unless you've got another soul to trade away on the same terms."

"Look a here, boss," answered Dave in a tone of expostulation, "I often hear de debbil had no conscienco, and now I begin to believe it. You gwine to allow me only twenty-five dollars for dat soul, and it wof fifty?"

"I have given you what we agreed for," replied Simms, "and I don't think any negro's soul worth more. I can buy lots of white souls for half the money."

"But, Mr. Debbil, you must consider dat I took it ont in trade, dat makes a difference. A nigger's soul is a cash article, boss; and I jest want what's right, I does; so you just 'blege me with two gallons more 'lasset and four quarts black eyed peas and I trow in de soul of my wife, den you git a fuss rate bargain!"

At this juncture, Mr. Simms' cousin thought proper to interfere; he sprang out and seized the black swindler, who was soon handed over to the agents of the law. The relatives of the monomaniac deemed it expedient to shut up the store,

and they have taken legal measures for putting the imaginary Satan under proper guardianship.

#### THE POLITE PEDLAR.

As a lady of the Fortescue family, who possessed great personal beauty, was walking along a narrow lane, she perceived just behind her a hawk of earthenware driving an ass with two panniers, laden with his stock in trade. To give the animal and his room to pass, the lady suddenly started aside, which so frightened the poor donkey, that he ran away, but had not proceeded far when unfortunately fell, and a great part of the crockery was broken to pieces. The lady in her turn became alarmed, lest when she should come up to the man, he should load her abuse, if not offer to insult her; but, to her surprise, when she arrived at the spot the man, with great good humor, gallantry and wit, exclaimed—"Never mind, madam, Balaam's ass was frightened by an angel."

#### A DUTCMAN'S STORY.

HANS, you may talk as you may be a mind to about the hog's peing to contrairiest animal, put te hen is so much more contrairiest a cood deal. Vy, no longer aco tan toddler day, I try to make te hen set—I put te eggs under her—I make te nest up cood—poot te hen on, put she no set—I jam her down on te eggs, put she vill op right up. Den I make a little pox, 'bout so pig von way, (measuring with his hands,) and 'pout so pig tother way—den I poots te hen on te nest and just takes and poots te leetle pox right over her. Ven I just raise von corner of te leetle pox to see vether she be settin, I I be hang if I ton't see te hen set a standing.

#### A PERSIAN FABLE.

A YOUNG fox asked his father if he could not teach him some tricks to defeat the dogs, if he should fall in with them. The father had grown grey in a long life of depredation and danger, and his scars bore witness to his narrow escapes in the chase, or his less honorable encounters with the faithful guardians of the henroost. He replied, with a sigh, "After all my experience, I am forced to confess that the best trick is—to keep out of their way." Let all our young friends be cunning as foxes, wise as serpents, and harmless as doves, in keeping teetotally out of the way of their deadly foe—intoxicating liquor.

GIRLS.—"Men are not perfect—woman are not perfect. In all cases there must exist a necessity to bear and forbear, but it does not therefore follow that you should marry a bad man, knowing him to be a bad man. If you do so, you deserve chastisement; but a life-long misery is a terrible punishment. A bad man's wife must either live in a continual torment or fear, apprehension, and the bitter disappointment of her fruitless efforts to please; or she must become callous, cold, insensible to pain, and consequently to pleasure. Will you take upon yourselves either of these terrible alternatives? We hope not."

#### SETH'S LAST.

A PRETTY little girl, passing along amidst the fruit baskets of our rhyming friend, on her way to school, accosted him thus: "Seth! you said there was a new match agreed upon, and that it was to

pronounced in the papers. Now I have looked over all the newspaper of the town and there is no pronouncement of that sort in any of them." Seth took up a paper and put his finger on the "*plowing match*!" Seth got his ear pinched that time.

JENNY LIND AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.—The grave and discreet Boston Advertiser thinks that if Jenny Lind is as sensible as she is accomplished, she must mentally at least, say of the adoration which has been paid to her arrival in this country, as Queen Elizabeth said to the provincial authorities who waited upon her in one of her journeys through the kingdom—"Lord, what fools you are!"

PUNCH says that the camel had a peculiar way of renovating, when too much is being put upon her back. She turns round and sighs. If sighs take not effect she weeps. The tears are generally irresistible and she is allowed her own way. We heard of the same expedient being resorted to when ladies consider themselves "too much put upon." They turn around and weep, and instantly "they are allowed their own way." The strongest thing in the world, is decidedly a woman's tear, for we never knew a man yet who could stand up against it.

A LITTLE lawyer appearing as evidence at one of the courts, was asked by the gigantic counsellor, what profession, he was of, and having replied that he was an attorney. "You a lawyer?" said Brief, "why I can put you in my pocket." "Very likely you may," rejoined the other, "and if you do you will have more lan in your pocket than in your head."

"Don't dear," said Mrs. Partington to a child playing with a powder horn. "don't touch the pesky thing, for it may go off, and then you'll get burnt as the poor little boy did that got blowed up by a pound of shot."

"SIMON," said Bob, "what are you doing now—days for a living?" "Nothin' particular. I am the owner of a ship." Owner of a ship! What ship?" "Steward ship at Sam Johnson's celler."

"PRISONER, stand up! Are you guilty, or not guilty?" "Faith, do you think I'd be doing the work of the jury for 'em, when they are paid for it? Let them find it out?"

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

M. A. W. Jonesborough, Ill. \$1.00; J. G. D. Concord, Vt. \$1.00; H. D. Cortlandt Village, N. Y. \$3.00; L. A. Dummerston, Vt. \$1.00; G. P. Bremen, Ind. \$1.00; B. B. K. Norton's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 11th ult. by the Rev. D. L. Marks, Mr. Jacob L. Percy, of Clermont, to Miss Julia A. Barringer, of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the same, Mr. Charles Stoot to Maria Stoot, both of this city.

#### DEATHS.

In this city, on the 10th inst. John C. son of Benj. B. and Electa Brayton, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 15th inst. Catharine R. wife of James Wiltse, aged 34 years.

On the 7th inst. Jennie, only child of A. M. and S. A. Baker, aged 9 months and 10 days.

## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

CHARITY.

BY J. C. NICKERSON.

The morning's beams shone brightly,  
And flow'rets one by one,  
Their beauties sweet and slightly,  
Unfolded to the sun.

The dews upon the grasses,  
Like diamonds in their play,  
Shone emeralds in the passes,  
Along the woodland way.

From rock to rock went leaping  
The brooklet in its flight,  
Its misty shadows sweeping,  
Like images of might.

I sat and mused, and pondered,  
And Fancy with her train,  
Swam round me as I wondered,  
And thronged my busy train.—

'Twas all so warmly blended,  
Of flow'ret, rock and tree,  
As angels had descended,  
And decked the scenery.

A laughing child more gleeful  
Than all the others seemed,  
A feeling pure and freeful,  
From every feature beamed.

Upon her arm she carried,  
A basket filled with bread,  
And as she playful tarried,  
Methought a tear she shed.

She whispered of the sorrow,  
Where poverty doth dwell—  
And up a pathway narrow,  
Her hurried footsteps fell,

She stood beside a cottage  
I had not seen before—  
One bent with years and dotage,  
Came tottering to the door.

The bright-eyed morning ranger  
Gave greetings that I knew  
She there could be no stranger—  
And as she nearer drew,  
With quivering lip and fingers  
She pressed her gift, and smiled,  
Earned blessing seldom lingers—  
God bless the angel child.

Ah! then my heart responded,  
In pulses deep and long,  
And I with joy recorded,  
The deed in humble song.

Done lowly as it needeth,  
From ostentation free,  
When heart the giver speedeth,  
Is heavenly charity.

Lima, N. Y. 1850.

INDIAN NAMES.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes, and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving?"

Ye say they all have pass'd away,  
That noble race and brave;  
That their light canoes have vanish'd  
From off the crested wave;  
That amid the forests where they roam'd  
There rings no hunter's shout;  
But their name is on your waters,  
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow  
Like ocean's surge is curl'd,  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
The echo of the world,  
Where red Missouri bringeth  
Rich tribute from the west,  
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,  
That cluster'd o'er the vale,  
Have disappear'd, as wither'd leaves  
Before the autumn's gale;  
But their memory liveth on your hills,  
Their baptism on your shore,  
Your everlasting rivers speak,  
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it  
Within her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it  
Amid his young renown,  
Connecticut hath wreathed it  
Where her quiet foliage waves,  
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse  
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice  
Within its rocky heart,  
And Alleghany graves its tone  
Throughout his lofty chart.  
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,  
Doth seal the sacred trust,  
Your mountains build their monument,  
Though ye destroy their dust.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY ANDREWS NORTON.

ANOTHER year! another year!  
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;  
Whelm'd in its surges, disappear  
Man's hopes and fears, forever gone!

O, no! forbear that idle tale!  
The hour demands another strain,  
Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,  
And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark-blue sky,  
The stars, which now look down on earth,  
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,  
And given to countless changes birth.  
And when the pyramids shall fall,  
And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,  
The dwellers on this alter'd ball  
May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on! shine on! with you I tread  
The march of ages, orbs of light!  
A last eclipse o'er you may spread,  
To me, to me, there comes no night.

O! what concerns it him, whose way  
Lies upward to the immortal dead,  
That a few hairs are turning gray,  
Or one more year of life has fled?

Swift years! but teach me how to bear,  
To feel and act with strength and skill,  
To reason wisely, nobly dare,  
And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's meridian toils are done,  
How calm, how rich the twilight glow!  
The morning twilight of a sun  
Which shines not here on things below.

But sorrow, sickness, death, the pain  
To leave, or lose wife, children, friends!  
What then—shall we not meet again  
Where parting comes not, sorrow ends?

The fondness of a parent's care,  
The changeless trust which woman gives,  
The smile of childhood—it is there  
That all we love in them still lives.

Press onward through each varying hour;  
Let no weak fears thy course delay;  
Immortal being! feel thy power,  
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

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